The Weekly Sunbeam

Vol. III LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA. AUGUST 27, 1883. No. 10.

Written for the Sunbeam.

To the Rose.

All own thee, Queen of floral excellence,
Won by thy graceful form, thy lovely hues
And odors sweet: others they may admire,
But thee, most loyally, Queen regnant choose.

A welcome thee awaits, in ev'ry home;
Peasant and prince, palace and hut bedeck'd
By thy chaste garnishings; by thee perfumed;
Need of no other ornaments suspect.

Thy privileges rare!: oft thou art seen
Reclining on the neck of Dame and Belle,
Where fondled, thou dost, gratefully impart
Thy rosy tintings, to augment the spell.

Mirthful of semblages, and festive scenes,
Ask thy adorning; blossomings a store:
Gems, rarest, cannot compensate for thee,
Costly embellishments, without thee, poor.

But not alone mid scenes hilarious
Thou needed art: oft on some lonely grave,
Some gilded tomb, or coffin'd dead,
—Deposited by loving hands— a place you have.

Emblem thou art of joyous times to come,
When "Deserts shall rejoice, and bloom like thee:"
Exemplar too, for many a godless wight,
The perfume of thy life, rising to Deity.

Theros.

———:o:———

A Trip to the Geysers.

By A. H. Calef.

Santa Rosa appeared to us rather inviting after our long walk, so after breakfast we took a walk through its streets, purchased a few provisions and returned to camp, deciding that we would not leave till next day. In the afternoon we took another stroll through the town when a large showbill attracted our attention. It stated that a circus was to take place that afternoon and that there would be a grand balloon ascension. Not wishing to spend our money on a show we intended to watch the balloon go up. After anxiously waiting for about an hour we suddenly heard a loud shout break from the crowd, and "There she goes" seemed to come from every lip as the balloon rose majestically in the air, and it was not long before it was pretty well out of sight.

The remaining part of the afternoon was spent in cleaning the gun and loading cartridges. When this was completed we partook of a hearty supper, and once more retired amid the garrulous frogs.

We arose very early in the morning and hurriedly ate our breakfast. The utensils and provisions were then made into bundles and we started before sunrise for Mark West Springs.

At about noon we came to the Mark West Flour Mills and leaving our bundles outside we went in to watch the working of the mill which was produced entirely by water power. At twelve o'clock it stopped running, but we were satisfied with what we had seen and

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Editorial.

Yesterday we had a very pleasant visit from Messrs. McClinton Bros., Russel, Magill, and Moore, all of them issuing amateur papers except Russel who formerly published the *Sun*, but we hear it will shortly be re-published. We expected Mr. Arnett, First Vice President of N. A. P. A. to come up also, but were sorry that he was unable to greet us with his society. We were kindly presented with an invitation to attend the Re-Union of the Golden State Amateur Press Association, at Cambrian Hall next Saturday, and if possible we will attend it. We expect to have a glorious time and sincerely hope to make the acquaintance of many more of the pleasant young men of the G. S. A. P. A.

We were sorry to do such injustice to the poem from the talented pen of Theros on the first page, but as the brevier type would have made the lines too long we were obliged to use some old nonpareil that was very badly used up, and hence its indistinct appearance. Yet, if the sentiment of the poetry is appreciated, we hope its typographical appearance will be overlooked.

We received among several papers of one of the Eastern batches, a paper entitled the *Editor's Eye*, but its size is just one sheet of paper printed on both sides and the address is nowhere to be found in its columns. Would some amateur editor please inform us of its whereabouts as from the appearance of its pages we would very much like to put it on our exchange list.

—:o:—

The *Amateur Scientist* sends out its initial number, and for a first attempt it is better than would be expected. It is devoted mostly to scientific affairs, but we feel safe to say that it will soon contain a full supply of amateur notes as it anxiously awaits exchanges. Address The "Amateur Scientist," Lock Box 41, Torrington, Conn.

The *Dwarf* is a small but interesting exchange from Butler, Pa.

A very neat and well edited journal entitled *Our Standard* hails from New Glasgow, N. S., and is the Official Organ of the N. G. A. J. Club. Amateur affairs seem quite lively in that place.

The *Violet* has just been launched into the 'Dom from Cincinnati, Ohio, by Miss Zelda Arlington, and we are sure that it well be a success.

LOCALS.

Miss Coghill arrived here last Saturday evening.

Miss D. Clayton, Miss G. Landsborough, Frank Lewis, Myra Calef, Willie Luebbert, and Ye Editor went to the city to see the Conclave last Friday, and all except Frank Lewis and Myra Calef returned Saturday evening. We think that those who did not see either the procession or the trophies missed something that they will probably never see again.

Some of the boys of Locust Grove have made a very foolish use of some liquid tar that was brought here for fixing some boats. They grab a handful and put it on the first boy's face they meet. After the tar is with difficulty taken off, the victims seem to have their faces poisoned very badly. Reginald Mason was nearly blinded.

Yesterday's arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Schleiden and their sons Adolph and Peter; Mr. Taylor; Mr. Osuniga; Messrs. Amberson and Myron McClinton; Mr. R. H. Magill Jr.; Mr. Wm. S. Moore; Mr. Russel, and Mr. Henry Whitely.

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SONOMA ITEMS.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. F. Oettl of Sonoma commited suicide last Thursday by jumping from the Steamer James M. Donahue when it was on its way from Sonoma Landing to San Francisco. The body has been recovered.

Last Wednesday the Sonoma Turn Verein celebrated their fifth anniversary at Weyl's Hall. The music was furnished by Girardi's band of San Francisco. The Petaluma Turners were in attendance and the evening spent by all was a most enjoyable one.

MARRIED.

SMALL—POPPE.— In Sonoma, Aug. 15th, at the residence of Mrs. J. A. Poppe, by the Rev. Father Esser, Joseph B. Small, of Glen Ellen, to Miss Emma Poppe of Sonoma.

DIED.

TENTE.— In Sonoma, Saturday Aug. 11th, 1883, Wm. Tente. Aged 59 years.

AMATEUR NOTES.

The *Capitol* is a very well printed sheet, and the editor shows much talent. It is a lively representative of the 'Dom.

The contents of the *American Sphinx* are very well selected and written, and is no doubt one of the leading papers of the East.

We disagree with the editor of the *American Eagle* in stating that the California papers contain nothing but the doings of the G. S. A. P. A., and in our opinion, most all of the California papers have just as good, if not a better variety of reading matter than *it* has.

The *Bergen Post* presents a very neat appearance, except that it would be considerably improved by using a larger heading.

The *Ray* will suspend on the 20th of September.

Continued from first page.

after an impromptu luncheon proceeded on our journey to the Springs which were yet about 6 miles distant.

As the grade was most all up hill we made but very slow progress, and did not, as we had expected, arrive there in the evening. The best camping place we could find was just on the side of a hill where a small stream was running, and when supper was over we tried to find a level place to sleep, but we searched in vain and had to do our best to balance ourselves on the side of the hill. In the middle of the night I heard a terrible noise and the ground seemed to shake under me. I called Gilbert and Waldemar but no answer came, and looking around me saw that they had gone! What had happened? I struck a match and gazed up and down when way up the hill I saw the boys wrapped up in their blankets and fast asleep. The truth was then plain enough—I had slowly rolled down during my sleep and towards the last had sent a large stone rolling the rest of the way down the hill: this is what woke me up. So gathering up my blanket I crawled up the hill and again went to sleep not to wake up till the next morning.

To be continued.

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KNEW HER WEIGHT.

They were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said:

"I tell you that Jennie ain't so very light, either, although she looks so."

And he looked suddenly conscious, and blushed, and Jennie became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

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